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A Soft Touch

by [amoretpsyché](#)

Summary

For the kink meme prompt, Snap Wexley/A Knight of Ren

“Take off your uniform.” The voice behind the mask is ragged, and the Knight steps back two paces to wait for Snap to complete the task.

“What the hell for?”

Over the years that Snap has been beaten up, offered bribes, threatened, and almost poisoned - never once has an interrogation, if he can call this an interrogation, involved the removal of clothes.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“That one.”

The masked figure points at him and Snap feels himself pulled to his feet. The force hold isn't painful, but its restrictive grasp makes his entire body tense. He'd been taken from his ship and stripped of his weapons, but neither act had induced this level of fear. It wasn't the first time he'd been caught off guard in the outer rim and up until now he'd known what to expect. There was a familiarity to being pushed around by Stormtroopers or First Order officers, both groups adhered

to a formulaic cruelty that was easy to outwit once you understood its logic.

By contrast, the Knights of Ren don't appear to follow any rationale. Snap has heard of their exploits, the villages left scorched and citizens slaughtered in pursuit of whatever it is Snoke demands. Their brutality is legendary, but all else is shrouded in mystery. The Resistance has never been able to get accurate intel on the Knight's whereabouts or ranks, and save the tale of Ben Solo's downfall, little is known.

Snap will have to file a full report on the three standing in front of him if he ever gets out of this mess.

Flying through First Order strongholds is always a risk, but it's one he undertakes regularly. After the Empire's fall, the Order rebuilt itself on the edges of the galaxy, and a trip to the furthest points on the map often meant a tussle with Imperial acolytes. When Snap approached the refueling station, something had felt off: several ships lined unassuming along the flight deck, but as he got closer, it became apparent that they had been abandoned. By the time he fully grasped the danger, an interdiction field had already been raised.

Through the armor and the masks, Snap can't tell much about his captors. There's a staff-wielding Knight with grenades strapped to his chest like medals; he'd been the one to strike Snap on the side and drag him into the station's holding deck. The second, a robed figure with a glowing grid covering his face, circles the room, eyeing each prisoner as he grips the blaster at his hip.

The helmet on the Knight holding Snap in a force grip is little more than a shield of metal with slits for sight and breathing. From his back hangs a machete nearly as long as his torso, and as he moves, the crude weapon sways behind him. The Knight nods to the others and Snap is pulled through the air as the knight walks into a small storeroom and locks the door behind them.

"You're safe here." From behind the mask the Knight's voice is distorted, but his tone is earnest; still, the words are so unexpected that Snap has to laugh.

"Tell that to my cracked ribs."

"That's not enough to kill you." The words are a matter of fact, as though the Knight knows the exact level of brutality a man can take before his body gives out.

"I'm sure your First Order friends will finish the job."

"We don't fight for the First Order."

Snap can hear the contempt in the Knight's voice. He's struck a nerve, and there may be a small chance he can goad some information worth a damn out of it.

"Could've fooled me – thought you evil types were all connected."

The Knight grunts in response. It's not often that Snap meets a human he finds physically imposing, in most combat scenarios his size offers him a degree of advantage even when he isn't the stronger fighter. This Knight matches his height and can probably break his spine with a thought. They're close enough that Snap can feel the chill radiating off the metal, but he flinches when the Knight's helmet brushes against his cheek.

"Take off your uniform." The voice behind the mask is ragged, and the Knight steps back two paces to wait for Snap to complete the task.

"What the hell for?"

Over the years that Snap has been beaten up, offered bribes, threatened, and almost poisoned - never once has an interrogation, if he can call this an interrogation, involved the removal of clothes.

“I would hate to have to tell you twice.”

“Why don’t you even things out and take off your mask.”

The challenge is accepted. Snap straightens up when he sees the Knight reach for the fastenings on the sides of his helmet. When he pulls the metal away from his face, Snap is surprised to see a wild-eyed young man instead of a grizzled fighter.

“That was a foolish request.” The Knight waves a hand in front of Snap’s eyes before placing his helmet on the ground. “You won’t remember my face.”

“I won’t remember...”

Delirium washes over in a wave and Snap almost falters as he undoes the fastenings of his jumpsuit. He isn’t sure what the Knight expects to get out of this exchange, but his opponent has proven too unpredictable to ignore.

The Knight rests a gloved hand in the center of Snap’s chest and runs his fingers through the dark hair that covers it. As he presses his palm down experimentally, feeling the pliant flesh give beneath his touch, he sighs.

The suit pools around Snap's ankles, and when he steps out of it, the Knight pulls his gloves off to reveal pale fingers. Snap has to stop himself from staring at the crisscrossing lines of raised tissue that cover each digit, cuts on top of cuts to form a mass of gnarled skin. The Knight meets his eyes, daring him to comment before resuming his exploration of Snap’s body. His touches are light, but when his palms roam across Snap’s belly squeezing and pinching, he displays an unrestrained delight.

“So much flesh.”

There’s a note of lust in the Knight’s voice that makes Snap’s face heat.

“Is this some new form of torture: get your enemies naked, then insult their bodies? Seems kinda ineffectual.”

A flash of genuine confusion flickers across the Knight’s face and Snap attempts to twist away - only to be held in place by the force.

“Do you find this insulting?” The scarred palm wraps around his cock and Snap lets out a groan loud enough to fill the room. He’d been hard since he stripped down, his reaction at odds with the fear he felt, the anger and humiliation of being so exposed.

“More.” The Knight lets his thumb linger over the weeping slit of Snap’s cock. “I want them to hear you through the walls and know how much pleasure I give you.”

“Why don’t you tell me your name, so I know what to scream.”

The blow is quick, a backhanded slap so hard that it breaks Snap’s lip open and leaves a trail of blood spreading down his chin. The Knight kisses him then licking at the line of red that drips from his mouth.

“You think you’re so clever, don’t you, Temmin.”

Before Snap can react to the Knight using his name, he feels the push of a mental invasion, the sensation like a nail being slowly driven into his skull.

“You hate that this stimulates you, but it’s been so long almost any touch would do.”

It isn’t enough to raid his consciousness; the Knight strokes him with a rough grip that makes him squirm and thrash. Snap grinds his teeth, refusing to make the sounds the Knight wants to hear.

“Do I have to force it out of you?”

Snap can feel his legs starting to shake, the tension coiling within him as his orgasm approaches.

“It’s never as good with your own hand, even when you’re thinking about...” The Knight narrows his eyes as he pushes further. “Poe. Cultivating your safe little fantasy about someone who will never want you as anything more than a friend – never give you what you need.”

“You don’t know anything about that.”

“I know he’s not the one making you feel this—”

“Fuck you,” is all Snap can choke out before being slammed to his knees. The words only seem to arouse the Knight further and he reaches beneath layers of black to undo his trousers. Snap is at eye level with the man’s groin, and as a slender cock is freed of its confines, Snap can see where seed coats the head and shaft, the Knight having already found his release once prior.

“Do you come in your pants every time you torture a prisoner?”

The Knight ignores Snap’s taunts as he rubs his hardness against Snap’s cheek, leaving it smeared and sticky.

“So soft all over. You were made for pleasure, I knew the moment I saw you.”

When he takes the Knight into his mouth, Snap knows he should feel shame instead of the fury that guides his actions. Anger has always triggered his reckless streak and rage compels him to action. A part of him wants to make this bastard come undone even if it means whoring himself. The sound of his ministrations is obscene, loud slurps and groans coupled with the gasps the Knight lets out every time Snap sucks him in deeper. Snap’s lips rest against coarse curls as he takes the Knight to the root.

“Mine!” The Knight shouts out as he bucks his hips and fills Snap’s throat with liquid heat. It’s then that Snap feels himself let go, his cock spurting wildly covering his stomach and thighs. The Knight steps back, lets his softening cock slip from Snap’s mouth and tucks it back into his pants. Snap looks up at him; he’s boneless and slightly sleepy the way he is after every orgasm, but he wants to see if he’s managed to tear that smug look from the Knight’s face.

“Was it good for you?” Snap asks with every bit of contempt he can muster.

The Knight stares back at him, pale eyes regarding him with a fondness that shouldn’t be there.

“More than you know.”

Snap hears the shrill ring of an alarm in the distance followed by the sound of blaster fire. In an instant the Knight’s helmet is on and his machete unsheathed. Snap scrambles to dress, stepping into his jumpsuit and nearly tearing it as he pulls the fabric around his body.

“Stay here.” The Knight’s voice is barely above a whisper but it’s commanding nonetheless. He

stands in the doorway as though waiting for Snap's response. There should be a comeback, some biting assessment Snap can dole out as a final blow, only nothing comes. His body feels as ravaged as his mind: legs sore, mouth bitter with the taste of blood and this stranger's seed. The shame that eluded him earlier suddenly outweighs every other emotion.

A blast shakes the room and Snap looks up; the door is open and the Knight is gone.

"You should just go over there – he's been staring at you the whole night."

Three drinks in and Jessika Pava is incorrigible, her smile broad and bright as she gestures towards the bar and the lean man standing at its edge. Snap cranes his neck slightly, attempting to look without seeming obvious. Sure enough, a man has his eyes fixed in the direction of their table.

It has been four months since the events at the refueling station, and things have at last settled back into a pleasant routine. When Snap told his commanding officers about the incident, he left out the less savory portions of the story, preferring to focus on the fact that the Knights of Ren had attacked and ransacked a target only to abandon it hours later. His description of the Knight who had attacked him with the staff and the one guarding the remaining prisoners had been thorough, but his mind clouded over when it came time to recall the third. He could remember haunted eyes and a deep voice, but little else of use. His primary memories were of scarred hands traveling over his body, pulling at his hair as his lips parted.

Though his inability to recall the Knight's face had disturbed him, Snap finds himself most troubled by what he can recollect in perfect detail. He can recall the things ordered and given under duress, but not as well as the moments of mutual satisfaction.

Snap shrugs. "He's probably staring at you." It wouldn't be the first time that Jessika caught the attention of a stranger at the Tauntaun's Tail. The last time they were here, he'd had to inform a pair of Chandrilian twins that their chances of alone time with Jessika were slim to nil despite their willingness to share.

"Oh no, when you headed back to the bar, his eyes followed – as far as he's concerned, you're the only one in this room."

There's amusement in her voice and Snap has half a mind to tell her to stop smirking. Even with her battle experience, Jessika is still an optimistic kid when it comes to certain things. Her views about relationships have none of the weariness that Snap feels whenever he thinks back to his failed attempts at monogamy. Though she'd never say it aloud, Jessika is a romantic, which wouldn't bother Snap so much if her ideas about devotion didn't extend into the lives of the people around her.

"He's not exactly my type."

Snap looks at the stranger again, he's a head taller than anyone else at the bar, with close-cropped, dark blonde hair and a nose that looks as though it's been broken a few times before. There's a layer of muscle that prevents him from seeming gaunt, but his face bears a hollow look that Snap finds unsettling. The man doesn't try to hide his interest; he stares back with intent, his gaze steady as he furrows his brow in concentration.

"Does nonexistent count as a type now?" Jessika's voice breaks Snap's focus, and he turns to face her. Jessika has always been insightful but there are moments where her words hit too close to the truth.

"You're one to talk about not pursuing someone." He's seen the way Jessika looks at the

scavenger girl, how they stand just a little too close when they talk, their words polite and friendly even as they devour each other with their eyes.

“At least, I’m willing to talk about it with my friends – you’re a chatterbox about everything except the one thing that actually–”

Jessika is interrupted when a waiter places a plate of ryshcate in front of them. The cake is small but still warm from the oven, its sweetness overpowering.

“A gift from the gentleman at the bar,” says the waiter with a wink. “He’s also offered to pick up your tab for the evening.”

Snap can feel his jaw clench involuntarily. He takes a swig from his bottle and tries to respond as calmly as he can.

“Please tell him thank you, but we’re perfectly capable of paying for our drinks.”

The waiter shrugs and walks back to the bar, leaving the cake behind. Jessika’s expression has moved from amused to indignant as she breaks pieces of the ryshcate and pops them into her mouth.

“If you don’t get over there, I swear I’m going to drag him back to this table,” she says between bites. “You know, I get it – everyone’s a little in love with Poe. The collective crush is mildly embarrassing.”

For all her wisdom, there are times when Jessika is almost comically late on the uptake. Once Snap wanted nothing more than to be granted the permission to know Poe as intimately as possible, to share his bed and his name.

But that Knight has overtaken Snap’s fantasies, changed them into something darker than he’s willing to discuss. How can he say he dreams of a courtship laced with savagery and forbidden pleasures edged with the intensity of violence?

“And not to throw a wrench in all your very romantic pining,” Jessika continues, unbothered by Snap’s silence. “Poe’s a little in love with someone else – it’s either the droid, or the Stormtrooper, or maybe both, in some weird robosexual thing? But I haven’t quite figured out the endgame on that.”

Snap laughs in spite of himself. He’s never been able to muster jealousy towards Finn, the kid is too nice and his kindness too evident. When Snap sees Poe look at Finn, eyes filled with the apprehension that accompanies unspoken emotion, he can only feel understanding.

“All I mean to say is that there is a handsome guy at the bar sending you very delicious gifts. If you don’t like him, I’ll never mention any of this again, but isn’t it worth finding out?”

Snap looks over at the man and then back to Jessika before raising an eyebrow.

“You know he’s not that handsome – looks like a bounty hunter or something.”

“Oh yeah,” Jessika laughs. “Because an attractive man with a dangerous job has never been a thing people find hot.”

“I want to know your name.”

Snap whispers the words against the stranger’s skin as they kiss in the alleyway behind the

Tauntaun's Tail. It had taken two more drinks for him to work up the nerve to cross the bar and sit next to the stranger, but he'd felt emboldened the moment he did. Resting his palm over the man's gloved hand and caressing slowly, he'd smiled and made his intentions clear.

"No, you don't."

The stranger is young but he bears the marks of war; Snap would peg him for a soldier were it not for his shyness. Though he's spent the evening staring Snap down, he turns skittish once they're alone. When he refuses to give Snap his name, his voice trembles, but he is eager to touch and be touched. Questions about his background, his profession, and even his home planet are all ignored. What he offers, in whispered curses and the lewd grind of his hips, is his body.

"Let's get inside." Snap places a hand on the man's shoulder, touching gently. His frame is nothing but lean muscle and corded scar tissue that crosses his chest and shoulders. At first, Snap thinks the scars are from a blade, but on closer inspection they seem like burns and the idea of anyone knowing a pain that powerful makes him ache in sympathy.

The man makes a show of taking off his thin shirt and letting it fall on the damp ground, as though discarding it permanently. He places Snap's hand over his heart and lets him feel the way his blood races.

"Your hands are so soft..."

As a rule, Snap doesn't bring strange men back to base – though he hasn't had to use that rule in years. Anyone with half a brain knows that secrets are impossible to keep in close quarters and the combination of thin walls and nosy pilots means gossip.

Still, Snap would like to have this happen somewhere other than a backstreet. In the privacy of his room, he could set a leisurely pace, touching and teasing the lean body beneath him until the man's anxiety slips away.

"I'm not too far from here. You don't have to tell me your name, but I'd like to do this in a bed," Snap whispers the words, praying they sound appealing rather than needy. "I'd make it so good for you."

There's sadness in the way the man looks at him, as though he's considered the offer but deemed it too dangerous to pursue.

"I know you would."

The alley is secluded but still accessible from the street. The noise of nearby cantinas and crowds hums in the distance and Snap can feel the approach of the nightcrawlers heading home from the last call. Anyone could walk by and stumble onto their frenzied coupling, so when the man undoes his pants and steps out of them, Snap finds himself shocked by the action.

"Someone could--"

"Then let them."

Snap isn't sure what he'd expected from this encounter, but it wasn't this naked, shivering young man pressed against him.

"Do you remember me, Temmin?"

Suddenly the pale eyes and the deep voice seem all too familiar.

"Why are you here?"

“To see you.” The Knight says the words as though the response is natural. Snap can feel his hands closing into fists as he sees the determination in the other man’s eyes.

“Thought you’d seen enough of me,” Snap thinks back to the refueling station, his shame at being unclothed mixed with the pleasure of baring himself to a partner whose enthusiasm was palpable.

“Was it enough for you? I doubt it was.”

Snap wants to be cruel. He wants to take the man writhing against him and shove his face into the gravel. How could this arrogant bastard know what he feels when he can barely fathom it himself?

“Someone like you would confuse hate with passion,” he spits out. “You’d think love and control were the same thing.”

“Do you hate me?” The Knight asks. “We’re on opposite sides, but do you truly feel that? I doubt a man like you even knows how to hate.”

“Try me.”

When the Knight kisses him, it feels right in a way that nothing has in ages. The realization has done little to quell his arousal, and soon Snap finds himself tangled on the ground in a bestial display of lust and anger. The alley is still empty, quiet, save for the sound of their passion.

“Touch me,” the Knight begs, his hands digging painfully into Snap’s sides. “You wanted to know me, here I am.”

“Stop talking.”

Silence would be a gift; Snap could hate this man and his deceptions if only he’d be quiet. The desperate pleading is at odds with his treachery and unwillingness to reveal anything about himself beyond his body. In the moonlight he is all scars and silver, something broken and then pieced back together.

“I went back after the skirmish,” the Knight continues. “I knew you’d be gone, but I’d hoped that you’d leave something, a note or a clue—”

“Why would I do that? I wanted to get away from you.”

When the Knight unfastens the front of Snap’s pants and reaches in to stroke his cock, Snap grunts against him.

“Did you succeed?” The Knight asks as he squeezes harder. “Have you slipped my grasp?”

Snap doesn’t reply; when he moans and cries out, he tells himself it isn’t at the Knight’s behest. He doesn’t remove his clothes and grant the pleasure of skin on skin, but he finds himself kissing a pale throat hard enough to bruise it, biting dark nipples until they’re the color of blood.

He works two spit-slick fingers inside the Knight’s body, wishing he had something better to ease the way. Snap hates himself for caring, for feeling happiness as he watches the man shake and tremble each time he presses deeper. For all his secrets, the Knight is open in his pleasure, willing to reveal himself completely.

“Does this make us even?” The Knight shudders as Snap adds a third finger. “You resent me for making you feel vulnerable and now you have me at your mercy.”

“Shut your mouth!” Snap shouts, flipping the Knight onto his stomach. A wealth of burn marks

cover the lean back in front of him, and Snap traces his fingers over them slowly – he should sink his nails in, he thinks, to enact some small revenge.

Instead, Snap kisses the skin, soft pecks against the damage as he pushes his cock inside the man's body, slowly giving him time to adjust to the fullness, running his thumb over the tight pucker of his entrance as it stretches to accommodate him. The Knight's breaths come in short huffs as he shifts on hands and knees, desperate to press Snap deeper inside him.

"Stop." Snap rests his hands on the Knight's hips and stills completely. "We do this my way or not at all."

The Knight nods, and they settle into a slow rhythm, Snap thrusting only enough to tease and the Knight doing his best to show restraint. When Snap leans down, resting his full weight against Knight's back, he hears a sharp exhalation of breath and the sound of wetness hitting the ground. He places his hand against the Knight's thigh and it comes away covered in white. It only takes one more thrust for him to follow him down into the mire, losing himself in his release and collapsing atop the other man.

"You've made a mess." Snap only means the comment halfheartedly, they're both wrecked. Dirt covers the knees of his pants, streaks of black stand out against the Knight's skin. With anyone else Snap would offer a trip to the fresher, a chance to wash each other clean, make love in the steam and heat.

"I would like that," the Knight whispers, and Snap feels the familiar pressure building in his head, less agonizing than before but every bit as intense.

"You can't just play with my thoughts!" Snap rises to his feet and the separation of their bodies leaves him pained. "We can't do this – I can't risk this."

The Knight doesn't move from his position as Snap sets himself to rights. His head is bowed as he lays on the ground, filthy and exposed. A trickle of blood drips down his inner thigh, and Snap fights the urge to cover him with his jacket.

"And what exactly do you risk, Temmin?" the Knight murmurs as he rises to his feet. "Your reputation, the opinion of your friends? Every time my thoughts drift towards you, I risk my life and still I—"

"Then why do it? Why seek me out in the first place?" Snap has wanted to ask the question since they began. He has never asked anyone to sacrifice on his behalf or to take unnecessary risks for his benefit. Fraternization with the enemy was considered as good as treason by some in the Resistance, and Snap can only imagine what the punishment for such things is on the Dark Side.

There's an intimacy to dressing another body, and as Snap retrieves the Knight's discarded clothes, he acknowledges the strength of their connection. In the darkness he has to chart the Knight's frame by memory, smoothing the wrinkled fabric over a body that yields to his every touch.

"Only you would give me this," the Knight begins before Snap shushes him.

"It's nothing."

"No." The Knight takes hold of his hand and squeezes gently. "What could be more valuable than this? All I have are my memories. You asked me for a name, but I traded it along with my honor. The sigil I wear is not my own, the life I lead is not my own, but this belongs to me – to us. If I ask to hear your pleasure, it's so your voice is burned into my mind. If I need to feel your kiss, it's

so my body remembers even if Snoke tears it apart."

"I could protect you." The lie is tempting, and Snap wants to believe in its promise. "The Resistance could protect you."

"They say a soft touch can sustain a man; you've already given me more than I deserve."

When Snap looks up to the sky, there are no stars to guide him, only swirling clouds and impenetrable darkness. He needs a moment to process this, to understand if what he's experiencing is the start of something or its conclusion. As Snap closes his eyes in an attempt to collect himself, he hears the Knight making his exit. When he opens them, he turns to see a young man fleeing into the maze of streets, running as fast as his legs will carry him.

End Notes

Betaed by my hero.

Curious to see who (if anyone) other people envision as the Knight.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!